

You can ask by Alien_Jester

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Summary:

Billy wants affection but doesnt know how to ask due to the toxic masculinity bestowed upon him by daddy-dearest.

This is not well written but I want to come back to this and fix it later. Rough draft if you will.

You can ask

Laying on (Y/n)'s couch was a familiar pass time. It's something Billy and them did all the time. Usually it would end up with limbs wrapped around the others and a movie. Always something that (Y/n) had suggested. However today They were studying and Billy was sitting on the couch itching for attention while pretending to watch the news that was seemingly repeating itself. (Y/n) wouldn't mind most likely but what if he came off as a desperate chick, or be told he was a wimp, or a pussy for being needy in the first place. So he stayed put on the couch. (Y/n) was getting more and more frustrated with studying, huffing and going back a couple pages to reread them. This was his opening, what was a better stress reliever then some good old fashion sexual euphoria. He leaned closer on the couch, close by (Y/n)'s ear. They kinda laughed feeling the sudden weight thinking he was goofing around. That is until (Y/n) felt his lips start to trail from their ear to their neck. Billy's hand working its way around their thigh. Now not that this wasn't pleasant, and a good break from school work, but he seemed stiffer then usual. The times the two had fooled around usually it was a bit more aggressive. Not in a rough way, just a bit more demanding than this. It was obvious he was just doing this to do it, not because he wanted to. (Y/n) turned around to face Billy and he immediately tried to go for their lips but (Y/n) pulled back, causing a confused face to attempt to mask the hurt filling Billy's eyes.

"What are you doing?" (Y/n) asked quietly.

"What do you think I'm doing?" He replied deeply, placing a languid kiss on their lips. Then another, and another.

"Hey, seriously. I thought you were sore from practice." Obviously it wasn't from practice but they wouldn't say 'Doesn't your dad hitting you leave you pretty drained' when he was already being weird.

"Changed my mind." He huffed going to their neck so that he could potentially distract them. He really just wanted affection and (Y/n) was making it very difficult to obtain. This was something they both enjoyed, even if he wasn't into it right this second he would be once things picked up. Then afterwards (Y/n) would lay next to him and not move for a while. It wasn't cuddling. Billy doesn't cuddle...but he would hold (Y/n) and not let go as they both relaxed.

"Billy." (Y/n) said, the tone obviously a warning for him to stop but

Billy grunted and continued. "Billy, stop what's going on?" (Y/n) and Billy were now irritated and just staring at each other as he pulled back from the assault on their neck.

"Well I was hoping to fuck but apparently that's not happening." He said and pulled away to lean back on the couch again, pissed that he was back at square one. (Y/n) watched as he looked away from them back to the TV. His eyes were dead set on the screen, obviously trying to make sure he only looked straight ahead of him. (Y/n) reached out to grab his hand as a way to get his attention but his gaze shifted to the joined hands and he sighed silently focusing more sadly on the news. If they weren't looking for what the hell his problem was then it probably would have gone unnoticed. (Y/n) started laughing slightly and it only got harder as Billy watched with annoyance and curiosity.

"Is that what's up, you want to cuddle?" (Y/n) chuckled, taking his hand fully as Billy blushed and looked back angrily at the TV. He wrestled his hand away as they snickered again. "No hey don't be like that." (Y/n) laughed, fighting to take his hand again as he continued to try and keep it out of their grasp.

"Piss off." He snapped, flexing his hands slightly. That got them to stop laughing long enough to try and figure out what the hell was happening. His face was bright red with anger but if you looked hard enough you could tell it was also embarrassment. He wouldn't meet their eyes and he seemed to be tucked into himself a bit. None of this was making sense. Cuddling was something the two did a lot. Billy never seemed to shy away anytime (Y/n) had leaned on him or layed between his legs to rest their head on his stomach. That's when it struck. (Y/n) always initiated, Billy has always just gone along with it.

"You know if you want to cuddle you can just say so." They speak quietly, as if being too loud will piss him off more.

"I'm not some fucking girl." He spat angrily earning a sigh from (Y/n).

"You know you can drop the macho bullshit every once and awhile." Despite the words their tone wasn't rude. It was a reminder in language they knew he wouldn't see as childish. Billy just sat there staring at his knee that was folded up on the couch. He didn't say anything but he did reach out and link his index finger to (Y/n)'s. It wasn't perfect but it was a start. They did the rest for him curling up into Billy's side and giving him an innocent kiss on the jaw. (Y/n) tucked their head under Billy's chin and he sighed, melting into them.

They would have to talk about it at some point. For now this would be enough.